

Well, you just never know what is going to happen next, and that was certainly the case for Jack and his new bride who had just arrived in our town. Before the sun was very high in the heavens, Jack had gone into the city to see if he could find a promising sort of work to do. While he was gone, the young wife was thinking what she might do. But even as she was giving the matter her thought, friend husband came back. Now what is wrong, she wondered. Evidently nothing, for he seemed very pleased with himself, and his face beamed with happiness. "We own a restaurant. I bought one this morning over on Wood Street."

This does not make sense, the gentle bride thought, although she was very careful not to say anything like that to Jack. First of all, he turns down a job about which he knows something, and the next day, he is in a business about which he knows nothing. And she surmised that their small savings had gone into the purchase of the shop. She was right. Jack assured her, however, that everything was all right.

He explained how the deal came about. While having breakfast in this little shop, Jack had told the owner that the coffee was the worst that he had ever tasted and that he could make better coffee himself. The owner got angry and said that if he knew so much about coffee, he had better go out into the kitchen and make it himself. And this is what Jack did. The owner had to admit that Jack's coffee was much better. They fell to discussing many things, and the owner said that he really wanted to sell the business. Jack said he would like to buy it.

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